

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1872.

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No. 17.

UNAPPRECIATED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I was born with a poet's heart of fire;
And an artist's eye for lovely things;
My life was a sweet untroubled life;
That longed for the tuner amid its strings;
Wild, burning words, with a meaning high,
Danced on my tongue, and sang for aid;
And when sunset flushed the western sky,
With spirit pencil I caught each shade.

They knew not the source whence such feeling sprang.
They called me a dreaming, useless child;
With steel-nailed fingers they clapped my wings,
And said, "We have no room for thee."
I could never rise while they held me there,
A woman's weakness needs helping hands;
And time rolls on with its weight of care.
They draw more tightly their iron bands.

For the foamy wine that the famous quaff,
My cup with bitterest gall to rite;
For the taste of prison, of a fettered life,
I must eat the taste of a fettered life;
Alas! for all that I might have been,
Alas! for my glorious hopes laid low,
To them be perforce I must yield.
They held me back when I fain would go.

Friends they are called, and methought that friends
Who held me back when I fain would go.
That the trust and comfort friendship lends,
Are counted by its good deeds wrought;
They have pity to spare for widow's tears,
They have pity when a woman sighs,
God pity me who has dwelt for years,
Alone in the midst of kindred ties.

SADIE BEATTY.

THE CHILTON ESTATE; OR, Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TENDER PASSION.

At those frank words, spoken so fearlessly by Roland Trevor, Mr. Chilton started. His face changed perceptibly. With all his powers of self-control, he could not help showing some degree of alarm.

"My name is Roland, sir," he said, sharply. "What can you wish to say concerning her?"

Roland turned to him with a quiet dignity of manner that was wonderfully becoming.

"I love her," was his simple answer.

"Indeed!" There was an angry vehemence in that single word that Mr. Chilton could not for his life, have helped giving to it.

"I love her," the young man resumed.

"You are her guardian. I am here to ask your consent to make her my wife."

Mr. Chilton controlled his rising ire by a powerful effort. He succeeded in turning a bland, smiling face upon his companion.

"Oh," he cried, affecting a playfulness he was far from feeling, "that's the way the wind blows, eh? I begin to comprehend. My niece did not give me an inkling of anything of this sort, however."

He was silent a moment, clasping and unclasping his thin hands with a nervous movement.

"May I ask," he resumed, presently, "if you have spoken to this to Claudia? Of course, of course she does know why you are here?"

Roland bowed. "Miss Chilton has been good enough to acknowledge I have won her heart. She knows the object of this interview, and fully approves of it."

"Indeed."

Mr. Chilton was visibly disturbed. He rose up in his chair and then fell back again. His thin hands recommenced their nervous movement.

"You have taken me by surprise," he confessed. "I scarcely know what to say to you. Of course you are in a position to keep a wife?"

He looked eagerly at Roland Trevor, and his face brightened. But only for a moment.

"I am counted wealthy," was the young man's answer. "I will give you my lawyer's address, and you can inquire as closely into my affairs as you desire."

"Not now," impatiently turning his head.

"We can attend to all that by and by. How long have you known my niece?"

"Several months, sir."

"Where did you take her acquaintance?"

"At the cemetery, sir. I had a sister in school at the same time. We became friends through her."

Mr. Chilton dropped his eyes to hide the look of hate and fury that came into them.

"It is strange," he muttered, "that I never heard of you until to-day."

Roland smiled.

"Is it so very strange, after all?" he asked. "Claudia and I have but just come to an understanding ourselves. Of course she would not speak of me until after that had happened."

"Of course."

"We love each other very dearly, sir. I am sure I can make Claudia happy, if you will trust her future to me."

"All young men think pretty much the same thing, as regards their sweethearts. I believe, but don't experience prove that they are always right?"

"It doesn't prove they are always wrong."

Mr. Chilton laughed. Perhaps it was not the laugh of a heavy man, exactly, but Roland was scarcely likely to be a close observer at such a time.

"Well said, my young friend, very well said. You are making a pretty strong case of it, sir," and he playfully slapped Roland on the shoulder. "You love my niece, and my niece loves you. You are rich enough to take a wife whenever you please."

"Yes, sir."

"And, of course, you will please to do so very soon?"

"With your consent—yes, sir."

Mr. Chilton looked disturbed, despite the gravity he sought to put on. He bit his lip and was silent for a moment. It angered



ROLAND STARTLED BY THE STRANGE CONDITIONS IMPOSED BY MR. CHILTON.

him almost beyond control that there was no legitimate excuse for separating the lovesick girl.

"It would not be politic for me to refuse that consent," he said, forcing himself to speak the words. "I do not wish to abuse my powers as guardian. I lend my sanction to this betrothal. But I do so on two conditions."

Roland rose up eagerly.

"What are they?" he cried. "You know I will do anything reasonable for Claudia's sake."

"Calm yourself," smiled Mr. Chilton, "and hear the first condition. It is this: when you leave this house to-day you must go with the intention of remaining separated from my niece for the space of two months."

The young man uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"Two months! That would seem like half a life-time."

"It is only sixty days."

Mr. Chilton shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you consent, or do you not?" he said, blandly.

"I am compelled to consent. It would be useless to protest against the condition."

"Ay, utterly useless."

"But of course I can write to Claudia as I please?"

The ready villain shook his head.

"That is the second condition, to which I was coming rapidly as possible. Now you understand my terms. You are not to see my niece, or hold any communication whatever with her, until the two months have passed."

Roland turned pale at these words. For the third time he looked sharply and suspiciously into the face of his companion. But he could read nothing there.

"I think you have made two very singular conditions," he said, in a low voice.

"They may seem such to you."

"I do not comprehend them in the least."

"Let me explain," purred Mr. Chilton. "There is nothing more like that two young people, who imagine themselves in love for the first time, should eventually meet than that they were mistaken. We don't know our own minds at so early an age. We can't know them until—"

"Do you doubt that I love Claudia, or that Claudia loves me?" interrupted Roland, hotly.

"I don't doubt the honesty of your present impressions," was the bland reply.

"But I am deeply interested in the happiness of my niece. She shall not wreck it by a mistake of that sort, if I can prevent it."

"Tell me that you are truly my friend, Uncle Eustace—that you intend to make good my dead papa's place so far as you can," she cried, imploringly.

He gently kissed her cheek, though half-frightened at the strangeness of her manner.

"What can it mean?" he thought. "But girls are whimsical. Is it anything more in this case, I wonder?"

Then aloud he said:

"Do you doubt me, Claudia? Have I ever given you the slightest cause to distrust me?"

"No, no. But—" she stopped short, shuddering violently. "Don't mind me, Uncle Eustace," she cried, turning her face away. "I am not myself this morning."

"At the moment, sir. I had a sister in school at the same time. We became friends through her."

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Claudia again before I go?" he said, after a moment's silence.

"Yes." He rose with alacrity, and walked toward the door. "I will send my niece to you directly," he said, turning with his hand on the knob. "Say to her what you please, only impress upon her mind the necessity of fulfilling my wishes to the letter."

Then he went out. Claudia had already gone up-stairs to change her travelling-dress, but he sent up a message by his wife, and she soon reappeared, dressed in a rose-colored silk that rendered her beauty more striking and piquant than ever.

Mr. Chilton never knew precisely what transpired in the library. But he paced the drawing-room floor with a very black frown upon his brow. His lips were white and tremulous. He felt that a single straw might even yet turn the tide of his fortunes so that utter ruin would result.

At last Roland Trevor came out, and was driven away in the carriage which had brought him to Chilton Villa.

Then, and not until then did that bold, haughty girl in the drawing-room begin to breathe freely once more. He shook his clenched fist after the rapidly-disappearing carriage, while his contorted features were awful to look upon.

"When you come to this house again, my spirit nearly restored by this promise, and Mr. Chilton was left to his own reflections."

Affairs had taken a curious turn indeed. Would it be safe to bring these two girls together a second time? He doubted it.

And yet what excuse had he for breaking down from his pledged word to Claudia?

"I have no wish to hear anything you have come to say."

"No? Think again, my dear. Mr. Chilton sent me."

"I do not care who sent you."

"But it is for your interest to hear me. Don't look at poor little Lamont like that. Don't speak to him in such a tone, and with such an air. What has he done that you should regard him as an enemy?"

"What have you done?" asked Hetty, growing agitated and hysterical. "You have come to me from the house where I was happy, you villain! You have compelled me to aid and abet you in a scheme that fills me with horror."

"I do not wish to hear you do."

"It is well," said Mr. Chilton, drawing a breath of relief. "Lamont, bring the Bible."

While Hetty stared in utter amazement, a Bible was brought, and held before her.

"Now place your hand upon this book and swear that you will never reveal to my niece, Claudia, any discovery you may have made, or anything you have done, since coming to this house."

Hetty hesitated, and grew pale as death.

"Swear!" commanded that terrible voice.

"There was no help for it. She dropped her hand on the Bible, and said in a scared whisper:

"I swear."

"Excellent." The villain knew well the power of such an oath with a girl of Hetty's stamp. "Now take care that you are faithful in word, thought and action. The slightest show of treachery on your part will be visited with summary punishment. I think you understand this?"

"Yes."

"Good. You will be closely watched, and every movement you make reported to me. You cannot trifl with me with impunity. It is very necessary you should realize that fact. I hope you do."

Hetty bowed. She could no longer trust herself to speak.

"It is well," went on that hard, pitiless voice.

"Now try to compose yourself. In a very few moments you must go up-stairs to Claudia's room. She expects you."

"She expects you," echoed the little Frenchman, in a whisper. "Now listen to poor old Lamont, my dear child, and be reasonable."

"You accosted," exclaimed Hetty, beginning to sob. "I have helped to isolate an unsuspecting girl in the midst of a crew of unscrupulous villains. That is the true number of stating the case."

Lamont shrugged his shoulders.

"But you must, my dear. So sit down and listen quietly."

She looked round almost fiercely. Then a long, sobbing breath escaped her. The Frenchman was right. She must listen to whatever he might say.

"Go on," she said, confronting him.

"Good. What I have to tell refers to Claudia Chilton. She has taken a violent fancy to her—which is not strange in the least. She wishes you to become her constant companion while she remains here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WHAT JACK MOSTYN
LOST AND WON AT A FAIR.

BY EDITH SPICER JAY.

CHAPTER I.
WHAT WE LOST.

They loved each other; there wasn't the least doubt of that; but she, Clisy Devoreux, was pretty, self-willed, and something of an heiress; and he, Jack Mostyn, poor, proud, and slightly suspicious in consequence.

Clisy was eighteen, and Jack three-and-twenty, and both were full of the extravagance of youth, impulsive and sensitive, intolerant of the least wrong or slight—real or supposed—and expecting everything to yield, he, to his first brave attack, she, to her pretty commands and caresses.

This view of life might not perhaps have done them any great harm, if applied only to the outer world—they might soon have learned the need of prudence, and would have given up, without any very terrible suffering; but, unluckily, they were just as exacting with each other. Clisy would "annuse herself," as she said (though I don't think she really found much amusement in it), by making Jack jealous, just as if he were a comfortable, complacent "alligible," instead of the saddest of dethroned; and he, for his part, rarely struck a just balance between over-exaction, and a morbid spirit of self-sacrifice, which prompted him not to "spoil her prospects." He forgot that when two people really love each other, they have one self between them, with which nothing ought to be done without mutual consent.

However, everything, barring an occasional tiff, had gone pretty smoothly till the incidents I am about to record. One day, early in the season, Jack Mostyn was standing by the Park railings, leaning into the Devoreux's carriage, talking very softly, saying most stupid and disjointed things, and making much more use of his eyes than it had ever occurred to him to do before. Indeed, he looked different altogether, thought the lady who was the cause thereof—and who happened to be alone to-day—softer, and yet, if possible, more manly than usual; he was not afraid to look her in the face—nay, he looked as fixedly and fondly that he frightened away her conjectures; and the crimson banner, presaging conquest of the citadel, began to flatten on her cheeks, and a single word or two stole out from between her parted lips, and her blue eyes flamed under their black curtain of lashes, half welcoming, half afraid.

A small incident had brought on this crisis—they had met at the ball the night before, and Clisy, who was perfectly rash and fearless, had induced Mostyn to dance with a Miss Laurence, who was a great friend of hers, at least, she, Clisy, thought so.

Now Jack was good-looking—half gentle, half stern, wholly manly, irritatingly preoccupied; and Miss Laurence, who was accustomed to be at least "great friends" with men in general, and to make them laugh a good deal, was piqued by his vacant smiles and indifferent remarks.

She was a not a very nice girl, Nors Laurence, never impulsive, and by arts best known to herself she managed to detain Mr. Mostyn much longer than he wished, or Clisy could tolerate.

If he had been half a dozen years older, he would have got away easily enough; but he was inexperienced in young ladies—thought them all good and refined, and could not bear to discomfort or humiliate them.

Of course Clisy quarreled with him, on principle; but she was sensible enough, this time to consent to make it up at the last moment; and the sole result of the evening's emotions, and Miss Laurence's machinations, was a pair of extremely sentimental-looking legs outside the carriage, and two heads, one small and black and wavy, given to turn itself, and another massive and fair, in close proximity within.

As to Miss Laurence, she rode past on a very sorrowful horse, feeling exceedingly evil-tempered, hating poor little innocent Clisy, and in a contradictory manner, fearing something quite opposite toward the real offender, if there were one at all. She hated to be resisted—what did Clisy, who was an heiress, want with a poor man like Jack Mostyn?

Whereas Clisy's theory was simply to this effect—

"If I've got the money, why then of course I doesn't want any!" At which the prudent world lifted hands of horror. "Then you won't tell me if you think you ever could be spoken in an honest way?"—said she, hardly, and with a glance half coy, half bold, at the girl, of unorthodox birth, in the knowledge of the depth and faith of the affection it professed; spoken, not without hope, for when a man of Jack Mostyn's masterful character gives voice to such a question, the "ever" is probably not far off to his imagination.

"Not now. I'll tell you the day after tomorrow, at the fair. You shall buy your answer, in a letter at the post-office."

After which sentence, uttered in an expiring struggle for majesty and indifference, Miss Devoreux anticipated the promised answer by lifting two large eyes to his, and returning, ever so faintly, the clasp of his determined hand.

Then she said, with excessive severity, to make for that momentary lapse, "Will you be kind enough to tell the servants to go home, Mrs. May?"

And Jack, having obeyed her, walked away, quite slumbering happy, and endearing in vain to sober himself by ordinary means.

At the fair (for the benefit of some distinguished inattention), the stronger sex the weaker, for once, tramped, cajoled, talked into, looked into impudently—at least, so they say they are on those occasions—much millinery, many scents, various pretty faces, sunshine, flowers, flirtations, crashing music of a military band.

"Oh, isn't it nice!" said Clisy, radiantly.

She looked like a rosebud, all in pink, with a big natural rose in her bonnet, and the brightest blush on her cheeks.

Everybody bought of the little witch, who was a dreadfully experienced shopwoman—knit of dejected, penniless beings hung round her stall, and plead abjectly to be allowed to run into debt; the best match present, Lord Lington, came musing to be snubbed.

Clisy was in the highest spirits, and just a little wicked and coquettish in consequence, though, poor child! nearly all her happiness arose from the fact that Jack was coming.

She did not know it, and would have rebutted the idea indignantly; but it was true.

He was very late. "I'll punish him!" said this naughty girl; a process, unless you are a cold-blooded animal, which generally ends in punishing yourself much more.

Clisy was daring, and had a greater idea than even of her own majesty to-day, because her court was so large and servile. So when Mostyn came up ruffled, firstly, because he was late; secondly, because he knew his bold and insolent host; thirdly, "give him a wagging" for it, and it really did him, but made him quite as angry as it did her; thirdly, because he found her surrounded with men, when he came up, showing his disgust in his face, shouldering skilfully through the crowd, and pushing past Lord Lington, presented himself at her.

still, his reception was a port. "Well, everything is cold," responded he forgetting his defense. "She was so pretty, and smiling down on her in a provocative manner, which hurt her independence, though it was manly and frank enough, "I couldn't come before you, —"

"Before? Before when?" she said innocently.

"Before now." "Oh, dear! I'm sure I didn't notice whether you were in the room or not," cried Miss Clisy, with a toss, and a mocking peering look at her circle of admirers.

Thereupon ensued a covert quarrel, to the great amusement of those lookers-on close enough to perceive it.

It was a sharp, but brief skirmish, without any very terrible suffering; but, unluckily, there were just as exacting with each other. Clisy would "annuse herself," as she said (though I don't think she really found much amusement in it), by making Jack jealous, just as if he were a comfortable, complacent "alligible," instead of the saddest of dethroned; and he, for his part, rarely struck a just balance between over-exaction, and a morbid spirit of self-sacrifice, which prompted him not to "spoil her prospects."

He forgot that when two people really love each other, they have one self between them, with which nothing ought to be done without mutual consent.

Howbeit, they had been full of the extravagance of youth, impulsive and sensitive, intolerant of the least wrong or slight—real or supposed—and expecting everything to yield, he, to his first brave attack, she, to her pretty commands and caresses.

Clisy was eighteen, and Jack three-and-twenty, and both were full of the extravagance of youth, impulsive and sensitive, intolerant of the least wrong or slight—real or supposed—and expecting everything to yield, he, to his first brave attack, she, to her pretty commands and caresses.

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GATHERED AND GIVEN BY MOONLIGHT.

Fragrant, full-blown, my Flora's gift,
A rose—dear love's own token;
How many whispers shy and swift!
What words half-told have broken,
Have never been told since this;
In hands that pressed and parted;
Overhead since sounded love's first kiss,
Since love's sweet tear first started.

And if the years were always June,
And every June were sunny;
If never a frosty night had come,
Or bitter spray had stung the bone;
If days had ever golden morn,
And ever silver close;

And Love's own blossoms knew not thorn,
But crown'd old Time with roses.

But now, oh flavor of fleeting date,
That taste of early sweetness,
That hint of summer's heat,
And unadmitted completeness.
Swift glory of the season's prime,
Bright crown'd life's brief pavilion,
Thus we snatched out of time;
And mock'd at deepest Fashions.

They petals spread by Edon's stream,
Is Arden's and Adonis' bower,
And new, beneath the moonlight's glow,
They grace my lady's garden.
Fairly per'fumed, like flowers,
They deck'd me, when others,
Should trail o'er Aphrodite's bower,
Or deck'd the darling's bower?

And still I find that buds should fall,
And that buds should perish,
Fair ones, withered leaves be all,
The Autumn has to cherish.
The sun is gone, the birds are still,
Nor change nor chance can baffle;

Our lives are like the waves that glide,
And swell, and break, and waste.
Ten thousand blossoms such as this;
Have witnessed lovers' meeting;

Seen many a Grecian's shy kiss,
Held many a Roman's fond caress;
Where are they now?—The peach of clay
Pharao's huge folly covers,
Is not more wholly dead than they,
The blossoms and the leaves.

My rose to-night is fresh and fair;
But where's my sister blossom,
Or friend's?—Tyrone's hair,
Or Fergus'?—Colly's?—
Of all the myriad buds abloom
On all the plains of Sharon,
What one is fairest?—the gloom,
Or deck the bark of Cherson?

Fle, fancy! what a dolorous plight
Arent my lady's gardens;
A soul so weary, life so light,
Should have a brighter burden.

If Pyrra's roses bloomed and died,
Our roses per'fumed bloom'd;
We saw no snakes the season's prime,
Ere Autumn comes a-glooming.

For love shall live, though loves pass;
Flowers never fade, though greenness dies;
Each year brings greenness to the grass,
And blossoms to the bower.

We're not white skies are blue above,
Till there comes a gloomy eve;

That every life shall have its love,
And every love its rose.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

OR,

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BURGLARY.

It was a sultry evening in the latter part of June, and the clerks and porters in the stores of Willing & Son were glad when the closing hour arrived, giving them an opportunity to get away to their homes.

Mr. Passmore was usually the last to leave the store, letting himself out by a side door, leading into an alley back, so that the porter might take the keys of the main doors.

On this day, however, he was absent, having left early that morning for Cape May, as he informed his clerks, with the intention of being absent one or two days.

The store was firmly closed, the strong doors being carefully locked, and shortly after six o'clock the huge building, that had resounded all day with the bustle and roar of commerce, relapsed into a death-like silence.

It was a scene to send a nervous thrill through the frame of any one not well accustomed to the place, the long line of shelves, merging more and more into gloom as the eye ran down the extended room, till it ended in a shadowy darkness, which the imagination might well have peopled with spook figures.

The hours passed on without a break in the silence, darkness gradually spreading its sable wings over the shadowy outlines of the store.

The hour of nine was tolled with a loud clang by the neighboring State House clock, and in a few minutes after the door on the side wall was carefully opened, and a man entered the long deserted scene.

He walked through the boxes, and other incumbrances upon the floor, with the step of one thoroughly accustomed to its intricacies, approaching the back of the store with little impediment from the thick darkness reigning.

Arrived there he drew a match from his pocket and struck it on the floor. The burning wood flashed up with a strong glare in his face, as he stooped over it, revealing the features of John Passmore.

His trip to Cape May had been but a blind to distract from himself any possible suspicion. He now had a small bit of work to do, which he had brought with him, and proceeded to examine the fastenings of the back of the store.

"The window leading to the cellar will be the most probable entrance," he muttered. "Once in there they can easily force this door, and the worse marks they make the better. I need not meddle here, their tools can easily force it from the inside. I will go down and open the fastenings of the lower window."

He made his way carefully to the head of the stairs leading below, and passed down into the underground apartment, a room stored with great boxes of goods, not yet opened for display in the upper store. Two windows in the back wall served to light the rear of this apartment. They were closed with strong, iron-bound shutters, firmly bolted. These reached but little above the surface of the ground, but opened into a small area specially walled off to allow the light enter.

With hands that trembled with nervousness, Passmore carefully drew back the bolts of one of these windows, leaving the end of the bolt still engaged partly in its first iron catch.

"There, a slight wrench will open that, and it will only appear as if the bolt had not been shoved home by the porter. Now to get out of this, for I am growing confoundedly nervous." In a few minutes afterward the store had regained its former condition of utter silence and loneliness, the false-hearts outside who had imagined this scheme of robbery, flying hastily from the scene of his impudent interference.

The night passed slowly on without a sound. The clock struck ten. Immediately after the sound of this hour had died away upon the still air of the night, a noise of a different character might have been heard in the deserted alley referred to. It was the sound of carefully trudging feet, and of low voices, followed by a peculiar noise as of the rending of wood, and a sharp, sharp crack as the cedar window that had been prepared for the burglars flew open.

Three men entered the store by this aperture, closing it carefully behind them.

"Show a glim, Joe," said one of these, in a suppressed voice. "It's dark as thunder here. I've barked my shins a ready."

"Hold on, then," said the person who had spoken, as he struck a match and lit a dark lantern, showing its feeble light of light carefully around.

In this movement the faces of the three burglars were plainly lit up, showing the features of Joe Corbin in the man who held the lantern; while a second of them was the person whom the detective, Wood, had addressed as Jack Bouncer. The third was a stranger to us.

Threading their way by the light of the lantern, they ascended into the main store, and hastened to the back door.

"Now, Bill, the tools," said Bouncer.

"It's a strong lock, but the catch is put with screws. Let us have that screw driver, and I'll soon settle for this."

He went to work with the rapidity and skill of a professional locksmith, and in a few moments the catch was lying upon the floor and the door, whose lock had been rendered useless, ready to open at a touch.

"Did you tell him to break the carriage into the alley?" asked the one called Bill. "It won't be safe to carry these things across the street, with the chance of a policeman twitting us."

"A durned sime chance," said Jack, laughing. "But the kerridge is all right. Where's the stuff, Joe? Delays is dangerous."

Joe carefully consulted a diagram of the store, which he held in his hand.

"This looks like the spot," he said, leading toward the middle of the store. "Try these boxes. The covers are loose."

"All silk, and fine as blazes," muttered Jack. "We're on our lay, boys; no use to look further."

"Hold here a minute till I go back and see if all's clear."

Waiting the action to the word, Joe carefully passed the back door and went out into the quiet street, up which no human being ever thought of going after night.

A cab occupied the middle of this narrow alley, which was just wide enough to allow room for its wheels between the curbs.

A lamp burned at the street entrance, but the alley was deep, and the dark horses and carriage were not readily noticeable from the outer street.

"Keep alive," said Joe warningly to the man upon the box. "We've found the swag, and are ready to load. I'll just walk out to the street and see how the land lays."

As he approached the corner, past which persons were occasionally moving, though without thought of glancing down the alley so feebly illuminated by the light of the lamp, a small figure started up and appealed vision.

"Done the glim," cried Jack, excitedly.

Corbin instantly closed the slide of his lantern—leaving the scene in utter darkness.

It was but an instant, however, as a light was at once displayed by the opposite party.

This momentary darkness, quickly as it had been dispelled, sufficed to decidedly change the aspect of affairs. To see who bear their lives in their hands no opportunity was afforded.

At the instant of closing the lantern Joe had discovered a clear way by the shadows on the east side, only closed by the slim figure of the policeman who occupied this position.

"You git back. I'll tend to my department," said Patsey, rolling out the last word as if it had added a cubit to his stature.

Corbin re-entered the store to find his associates already busily removing the goods from the open boxes, and taking down such as had been already seabed, heaping them in a pile near the back door.

"All's clear, lad," he said, in a low tone. "Now's our time."

The three men at once began hastily to remove the goods, and stow them away in boxes, as if in case in the partition.

For minutes this continued uninterrupted, during which time their strong shoulders and active hands had considerably lowered the heap of silk that had been laid upon the floor.

"Smooth sailing this, Jack," laughed Corbin, as he busily forced the rich goods into the carriage, pressing them down with all his strength. "Taint much like our last job, where we had to run for our lives, without a cent's worth to show for it."

"We aren't out of this by a jug full," growled the other. "Never holler till you're out of the woods. It's just a bit too smooth, though."

"You git back. I'll tend to my department," said Patsey, rolling out the last word as if it had added a cubit to his stature.

"What to hinder its being, I'd like to know?"

"Maybe you'll know more than you want before you're through. Keep steady. Luck ain't going to be all on one side."

While that busily had wrapped round the form of the officer several yards of the long piece of silk that had lain upon his arm, and which he had covertly opened since the alarm was first given.

Wood, with a fierce oath, strove to disengage his arms from the entangled stuff in which they were wrapped. But he was so closely bound that a precious minute elapsed before he could free himself from his alken bonds.

The burglar instantly rushed past his hampered antagonist. But the companion of death, with equal agility, sprang upon the dying villain, the impetus of his leap bringing the two of them to the floor, locked in each other's arms.

The wrestle was fierce but monastic. The trained sinews and vigorous muscles of Bonner easily overcame the weaker physical strength of the young man who had engaged with him, and who now fell backward from a sharply administered blow, while the freed burglar leaped to his feet.

"Joe!" he ejaculated, with a quick glance around.

"Here," a loud voice replied, and the figure of Joe Corbin appeared for an instant at the head of the stairs leading below.

"This way, Jack," he cried, disappearing from sight with a quick spring downward.

At the same instant the back door flew open with a crash, as the box gave way before the combined efforts of the men outside.

They came in, in hot pursuit of the burglar.

Bonner would have followed Corbin, but had too late. Wood, at last free now with an agile spring caught him in his strong arms, and despite his desperate effort to escape, he was handcuffed by another of the party.

If odds would have broken his bonds, the fierce flood he poured forth must have been efficacious. But, bound hand and foot, he was left to swear to his heart's content, while they sought to capture his two associates.

The third burglar was caught trying to escape by the open back door, and was speedily in company with his leader.

Both had utterly disappeared.

The open back door was searched in vain, no trace of him was present.

The open window back at length unfolded the mystery. The officers had left the coast clear by running into the store from the alley, and the astute villain had taken advantage of this oversight to make his escape.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Don't you call this experience?" "This!" ejaculated Jack, in rather too loud a tone for safety. "This is baby's play long sides of places I've been in. Don't want to find fault with you, ya a young chit and don't know better; only a spring chicken can't know like a rooster."

With a smile the veteran burglar resumed his work, from which he had paused a moment to deliver this censorious opinion.

"Ain't you both blowin' a bit too much? It's our hands that want to be busy now, not our tongues."

The carriage was now more than half filled with the costly fabrics which had been so rapidly and closely pressed into it.

They were all in the store, filling their arms again from the diminished heap that occupied the floor. At this instant there came with startling distinctness from the alley outside, a shrill and peculiar whistle, so close a representation of the call of the partridge, that in the country it might easily be mistaken for the bird itself.

But in the city no such mistake was possible. It was Patsy, who had signalled with his favorite whistle, the sound of which was now very familiar to the burglar.

"All is quiet in the store by this aperture, closing it carefully behind them.

"Show a glim, Joe," said one of these, in a suppressed voice. "It's dark as thunder here. I've barked my shins a ready."

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me one day in a great fever, he had seen Captain Dartian kiss Eleanor as she sat at the piano.

"The girl is crazy," he said, his honest English face crimson with indignation. "I can't stand everything, and he has ordered Captain Dartian's visits as long as I can." And then he calmed down and told me all he knew of the Captain's past life. Not much; it is true, but enough to show that, as he had said, it was "no good" to tell Nell to know him, much less to make him her hero, as she was evidently doing.

"I wish you would speak to her, Bertie," he said, as he rose to go. "Perhaps it will make her more careful. I can't bear to know that he has it in his power to go back to London and tell all the fellows at his club about kissing my sister—and I am sure he will do it. You'll speak to her?"

"Yes," I answered. "I will do what I can."

The next day Captain Dartian called again; I had just driven out to make some calls when he arrived, but returned shortly after, and as Leslie was removing my wrappings, Nell came into the room. I saw at once that something was the matter, for she was very pale and her eyes were swollen and red, therefore I dismissed Leslie as quickly as possible, and going to her put my arms around her, and said, as I had been used to do when she was a wee girl. "Tell sister all about it, dearie."

Well as I knew Nell's passionate nature, I was shocked and surprised at the storm of sobs and tears which ensued.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie, Bertie!" she cried, "go down and say a word for Laurie and me. They are both against him; they are sending him away, and I love him dearly, dearie, dearie!"

"For Laurie and me," it came to this! "For Laurie and me."

I tried to reason with her; I told her, gently as I could, all that Tom had told me, but she only shook her beautiful head.

"It makes no difference," she said. "I heard all that years ago, when I first knew him. Poor Laurie—everybody is against him. Poor him—ever you, Bertie, and I thought you loved me."

It was very hard to bear her reproaches, but it was very hard to see her unhappiness, but I could do nothing but say nothing to help or comfort her. I was immensely relieved when a message came from father requesting us both to come down into the library.

Of the three occupants of the room, Captain Dartian was apparently the coolest and most unmoved. Father looked disturbed and ill at ease. Tom was hot and angry, and Captain Dartian smiled and bowed as we entered, and placed chairs for us in his usual polite way. He was, to all appearances, as monarchial and as much at ease as ever.

It was a very painful interview; father said a great many hard and unjust things, and although Nell bore it quite as long as he only blamed her, the moment he began to speak of Captain Dartian her temper flared out.

"You may talk to me as much as you like," she said. "I don't care, but I won't sit quietly and hear you speak of him. He is still to blame for asking me to be his wife, and as for those things which Tom—here Tom received a searching glance from his fishing eyes—"which Tom has seen fit to tell against him, if he were wealthy or titled you would overlook them entirely, besides," with a little faltering in her clear voice, "that past and gone—he will do better now."

There was a glow of admiration on the captain's face as he looked at her, standing so proudly erect and speaking so earnestly in his defense, but he saw that her fiery words were growing gaudy.

"It is no use, Nell," he said, laying aside his indifferent manner, and rising with a mused shadow on his face, "they won't give you a fellow a chance to reform, even when he wants to. I will go now, I think."

"C'est—go where?" The color faded from her face, and she caught his arm with both hands.

"To the dev.—No, not that exactly—with a bitter laugh. "No master where, Nell, only good-bye."

"Oh, Laurie," still she clung to him pale and shivering, "don't leave me so."

He turned toward us with a sudden maliciousness on his dark face. "You are all very hard on me," he said, "you won't give me a fair chance at all, but I swear to you that I wouldn't like Nell to trip if you would give her to me. I don't care anything that you have said. I have been bad and wicked, but I love Nell, and will do better for her sake."

There was something in the simple, earnest words which went to my heart, and convinced me that he meant what he said. I rose and held my hand out to him.

"I am sorry this has happened," I said. "If you are really going, let me wish you good fortune, Captain Dartian."

"Thank you."

As he clasped my hand, it came to me dimly that perhaps we had been very unjust to him and Nell; what right had we to make them both so unhappy?

Good bye, Nell, he said again, and then, bending low, he kissed her gently. "God bless you always, my darling!" And he was gone.

After that day a great change came over Nell; she grew quiet and reserved, and all the old bright ways were laid aside. Toward father her manner was entirely altered; she was coldly respectful to him, more and more so. She obeyed him implicitly in the lightest things without a word of demur, or a sign of unwillingness. But I think, as the days went by, he would have welcomed a glimpse of the old-time temper—a return of the careless, wild ways—a flash of the girlish defiance—or some little act of rebellion which would have seemed like the naughty Nell of old.

Of Captain Dartian she never spoke—but, often, as she sat sewing or reading, her hands would drop into her lap, and she would sit thinking intently with the worn, wearied look which had come to her of late, shading her face, until my heart ached for her, for I knew, only too well, where her thoughts were.

I longed to comfort her in her trouble, and once or twice I went to her and tried to make her realize that I felt for her, and pitied her with all my heart—but she turned way from me coldly. "You are very kind," she would say, "but you don't know anything about it, you only write me, and I can bear it better alone. Leave me to myself, please, Bertie. And she would wrap up my arms with a gentle firmness not to be resisted, and pat me away from her."

When I went up-stairs she sat by the window in the nursery, with baby Maudie sleeping on her lap, and a new look of happiness and peace on her beautiful face—but she said nothing, and I dredged to bring the shadow back, asked no questions.

That night as she lay asleep in her room, I went in on some trifling errand, and stood for a few minutes looking down at her. How

beautiful she was with the warm glow of sleep on her face, her bright hair drawn back from her forehead, and her lips slightly parted with a happy smile; but even as I looked at her she moved uneasily, and as I bent to kiss her, a name, long unheard, came to my ears. "Laurie."

That was the last time that I ever saw her as she was then; the last time for many years that my lips touched hers; the last time, although I did not know it then.

The next night she was gone, leaving no trace behind her by which we could follow her, no word of farewell, and taking with her only a curl of baby Maudie's soft hair.

"She has made her bed," said father, "let her be in it," and went forward.

Charles and I followed the steps which had been home all her lifetime.

It sorrowed long and deeply for my beautiful sister, at first I hoped that she would send me some word or message, but the days became weeks, the weeks months, and at last the months became years, and no word came.

Charles and I stayed at Nostell until the next Autumn, and then went back to London, but I did not feel like entering society just then, and so after awhile our home in London was closed again, and we went on the continent, for I was weak and ill, and change of air and scene was recommended to me.

My little boy was born in a pleasant little village of Brittany, close on the coast, and during all the long Summer after he came to us we remained there, enjoying the plain, simple life to the utmost. For the next two or three years we wandered hither and thither—now in Italy, now in France, and it was not until five years after Eleanor's flight that we returned to England again.

I was well and strong then, and as Charles was fond of company, we were soon plunged into the midst of fashionable dissipation, and by degrees the constant worrying and anxiety concerning my lost one grew less wearing; but one day as Charles and I were out driving it all came back to me with even force, for as we rolled along I caught the hurrying crowd of pedestrians a tall, slight figure which made my heart throb to its feet. I caught Charles's arm, and half rose to my feet.

"Oh, Charles, Charles!" I cried, "stop the carriage—speak to her! Don't you see her?"

"Where?—who?" I think a suspicion entered his head that I had suddenly become insane; but as I pointed out the straight, little figure, he answered the question in my eyes. "It's Nell," he said briefly; "wait a moment, and I'll spring to the ground and follow her, while I sink back on the cushions, but could hardly be turned to account should she ever need to earn a livelihood. Moreover, she had a comely face of her own, with eyes that borrowed hue and expression from the subject in hand, a little wily shape, a hand that was a model for any sculptor—indeed, it was a saying of his father's visitors. To be sure, she could play bewitching dancing tunes on the piano that would make one closer and drowsier in spite of one's self; she could sing plaintive little love-songs that would set one's heart in a flutter, coquettish ballads running over with fun and melody; and she possessed a fund of small talk, sprightly and garrulous, which made her a favorite in the company, but could hardly be turned to account should she ever need to earn a livelihood. Moreover, she had a comely face of her own, with eyes that borrowed hue and expression from the subject in hand, a little wily shape, a hand that was a model for any sculptor—indeed, it was a saying of his father's visitors. 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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY QUEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WARE.

Yes, she walked a queen. I see her now as she looked to me in the far lang syne, beauty in her every outline, grace in her every movement. Splendid she looked, but dangerous. I was afraid of her, yet I was fascinated by her; contrary forces, mingled attraction and repulsion, were acting upon me when her eyes met mine. I did not stop to ask myself the origin of those opposing forces. I now think the repulsion was in my own unconscious self; the attraction was in her own powerful will.

I did not often seek her, yet we were frequently thrown together, apparently without design on her part. We roamed together over many noble fields of thought that were common ground to us. I now began to relish and to seek her society for the mental stimulus it afforded. We were wont to view great truths from opposing standing points, and to maintain with wary warfare the correctness of those contrasting views, yet never a shade of anger entered into the contest. Gradually the spell of her enchantment was woven about me. I sought her not from habit, from inclination. Did I love her?

It was done! the rash words were spoken that honor bound me to her, and—I was miserable.

One hour of intoxication in the weird spell of her beauty under the continued influence of moonlight, the sea-shore and distant music mingling with the crashing of the waves, had moved upon my impulsive nature as it never before had been wrought upon by spell of woman. I had madly told her that I loved her. I was not insincere. For the moment I believed it. I had asked her to be my wife, and she had promised me a home that was sealed with a mutual kiss.

Now alone, by sober daylight, in the quiet and peace of my own room, I knew that I did not love her. Nay, I shrank from her. But there was no refracting the step I had taken. So I began to look to the future. She would make me a magnificent wife. How proudly she would adorn my home. It would be the palace of a queen. Would it be the home of my heart?

I doubted her, noble as were her conceptions of the great moral truths of life. Yet she had confessed to me tender feminine blushes that she loved me, that she had *ever* loved me, and *only* me. Why must I doubt her? Why was I not happy? Yes, why was not I overwhelmed with happiness? I was wretched for being discontented, disgruntled, unhappy.

Why was I miserable away from my enchantress if I did not love her? No other fair one ever had claims upon me.

And if I did love her, why did my heart peer into the future with a reluctance that amounted to a sickening dread? I began to think it was because of the natural discontent inherent to humanity, the proneness to undervalue whatsoever we possess, and continually to sigh after the unattained. Should she cease to love me, should she love another, would it make me wretched? I could not tell. I would have been willing to know by actual experiment. How was it that I could think with pleasure of such a possibility? I was thoroughly dispeased with myself. I was thoroughly miserable without any apparent cause.

One glance of the eye revealed it to me. Now I know what years without meeting her would not have told me. Without meeting her, not my queen rose, no, but the pure, the lovely water-lily. Now I knew that only the water-lily could have made me happy, and she was lost to me forever. Had I not marked the rose for mine? Nay, a few brief days more, and should I not wear that rose upon my heart? Now I knew why I had been wretched. Now I knew the water-lily was the one I should have chosen.

Oh, mystery of existence! If there be one who should be my counterpart, why do they prolong their life? What circumstances separate us forever? Or, being separated, why cannot we remain forever in blind unconsciousness of the irreparable misfortune?

The day dawned—the day that was to rive upon me those chains which death alone should break. Like a criminal awaking on the morn of his execution, I opened my eyes to a consciousness of dumb, hideous, unavoidable misery. I lay the slowly lagging hours might stay their onward course suddenly and forever. I walked and talked like an automaton.

Later in the day, when my rose appeared, I was warmed into a negative intensity of life, warmed by her fascinating eye, warmed by her more than regal beauty. As my sense drank in the intoxication of her outward wondrous my higher nature forgot its innate forgetfulness. Ah, my queenly bloom was glorious upon the day of days. All the wondrous grace of a magnificently developed womanhood was made more wondrously charming by every aid which a perfect toilet could render.

"Had I then forgotten the fragrant water-lily? It was treason to think of her. It was duty to forget her. And I strove manfully to do my duty.

I must enlarge upon the events of this day. The few ears in our lives merit more thought, more attraction, than the long lapses of ordinary time that intervene.

And I must, also, tell something of myself. I was then twenty-seven. I possessed a pleasing person, a liberal education, and an ample fortune. I had no near relatives. My parents had died of a malignant fever within a few days of each other. Since that time, a period of more than three years, I had been master of my own actions. One of the first things which I had done after coming into full possession of my patrimony was to invest the bulk of it in "The Aures."

The Aures was a famous silver mine in Nevada. Its flaming pamphlets and prospectus had extolled extravagantly the richness of its claims. My faith in the Aures was unbounded. That the sage brush and horned toads of Nevada nourished above mines of untold wealth was certain. And that the Aures was one of the very richest of these mines, appeared undeniable from the glowing representations that had been made to me by the company with whom had invested. Hitherto there had been immense outlays, and no returns. I was led to expect that soon there would be immense returns and no new outlays. I fully believed this, and had no concern for the safety of my fortune. I felt sure that I should in a very few years be made a millionaire. I was not over anxious for this, but the prospect of possessing a superabundance of wealth is by no means especially disheartening to any human being—and I was human.

My rose had budded and blossomed upon an old aristocratic stock. Her family tree was in its decadence. She would never do for a poor man's wife, with her luxuriant habits and refined tastes. To shine in court and palaces seemed the very thing for which she was created.

Accustomed to wealth myself, I had never for a moment thought that my fortune rather than my person, had the good thing which my rose desired to possess. This idea, for the first time, suddenly presented itself to me on this eventful day, when, two hours before the ceremony was to be performed, I brought her a case of diamond jew-

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ADDRESS BY THE UNITED STATES CENTRAL COMMISSION.—Mr. Joseph R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, has issued the following address to the people of the United States:

To the people of the United States.—The Congress of the United States has enacted that the completion of the One Hundredth Year of American Independence shall be celebrated by an International Exhibition of the Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Manufacture, to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, and appointed a Commission, consisting of representatives from each State and Territory, to conduct the celebration.

The latest returns from Tennessee give Greely 17,000 majority, and re-elect Brown (Democrat) Governor, by from 3000 to 5000

of return by Governor Warmouth is before the courts.

The returns of the election in Texas are very meager, but that State is conceded to Greeley by 20,000 majority. The Democrats claim all but one of the Congressional districts, a majority of the State Senate and two-thirds of the House.

Returns from all the counties in Illinois, official and unofficial, show a majority of 55,931 for Grant. Oglesby for Governor, ranks behind Grant about 10,000. The Republicans carry 12, and the Democrats 7 Congressional districts. The Republicans claim 37 majority in the Legislature on joint ballot.

The latest returns from Tennessee give Greely 17,000 majority, and re-elect Brown (Democrat) Governor, by from 3000 to 5000

Ninety-seven counties in Georgia give Greeley 11,496 majority.

Official returns from 101 counties and towns in Virginia give Greely 508 majority. Unofficial returns from 7 other counties give Grant 3088 majority. Grant's majority in the State is estimated at about 3000.

The Horse Disease.—The horse disease in this and other cities has a history of 15 years, and has been overworked on that little or no discharge from the nostrils being liable to a droopy, which is generally symptomatic of a fatal termination. In this city a number of horses are known to be dying, but it is impossible to obtain any returns of the mortality. In Washington, where the disease has prevailed for two weeks, there is no abatement yet, and no street cars have been run lately. The drooping stage of the disease has been reached in that city, and yesterday thirteen deaths have been reported. In New York and Brooklyn the animals so affected are beginning to drop dead in the streets, and a post-mortem examination shows that "their lungs are eaten away." The "horse-syphomy" has also begun to affect the animals in height, N. C., that were previously affected by the influenza. The horse influenza is steadily increasing throughout the West.

"Oh!" cried Frank, casting his eyes carelessly over the columns of a daily that lay half unfolded upon the table beside him. "Oh, here is news from the Aures!" His eyes brightened with interest. "That is the concern in which you invested me largely, is it not, my dear boy?"

"Yes; please read it aloud. Let us hear what my fortune is made."

Frank read the article. The Aures had failed! After all the expense of erecting mills, and running them, it was found that the claims were too poor to pay even the expense of working. In addition to this, the agent had absconded, leaving the company burdened with immense debts that must be paid by the stockholders. He was financially ruined!

This was a bad blow, and was dealt to me by fate in a critical time. I could have borne it alone without a murmur. But this proud woman, whom I was about to marry, could not submit to pinching poverty?

I looked around upon this room in its mighty mansion. A certain something in its furnishings, a something which I had seen in the rooms and drawing-room, but which I had not before thought of, told me plainly that already poverty had stealthily entered this house by the back door, had hidden its unwelcome self in pantry, in press, in cupboard, in bed-chamber, and was daily, more threatening to take forcible possession of the whole.

Frank's eye followed mine. His present soul comprehended my thoughts before I gave them utterance in the words, "She is threatened with beggary. Do you suppose she has read that article? If she knew what it contains, would she marry me?"

Frank shook his head dubiously. "It is too late, it is not, to retreat now? The bride, I suppose, is ready. The minister is in waiting. At this very moment they are holding their breath and standing on tiptoe below to see the bridal party enter."

"But, Frank, it is never too late until the ceremony has actually taken place. I am in honor bound to tell her that I am a poor man; to tell her that, if she desires it, she is free."

Frank did not come with her maid-servants! We sat and sat, Frank and I, in this upper chamber, waiting and waiting. A ripple of sound from the crowded room below reached us; then we could perceive a hush. Then we heard a faint echo of one man's voice, the minister, as if uttering the words of the marriage service! Our eyes opened upon each other wide in black astonishment. We listened a little longer to be sure our ears had not deceived us; then we could perceive a hush. Then we heard a faint echo of one man's voice, the minister, as if uttering the words of the marriage service! Our eyes opened upon each other wide in black astonishment. We listened a little longer to be sure our ears had not deceived us; then we could perceive a hush. Then we heard a faint echo of one man's voice, the minister, as if uttering the words of the marriage service! Our eyes opened upon each other wide in black astonishment. 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